



The effect of malaria lasts a long time.  
You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.  
Strengthen yourself with **Scott's Emulsion**.  
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

## The Higgins Metal Fly Screen.

It's a thing of beauty.  
Handsome in finish.  
Easily operated.

Highly ornamental.  
Insect proof.  
Gives perfect satisfaction.  
Gains approval and endorsement wherever used.  
Immensely popular.  
Nothing to get out of order.

Strong and durable.  
Can be made in all shapes  
Requires no repairs.  
Equalled by no screen on the market.  
Efficient in all particulars.  
Now is the time to order.

Estimates on Screens Furnished By

**T. A. HENDRICKS,**

Exclusive Agent For Central Kentucky.

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### All Grades Of Fencing.

Plain wire, coiled wire, barbed wire  
and woven wire, plain and galvanized  
in all grades.  
19-3t FORD & CO.

### FOR SALE.

Good Gas Stove, nearly new.

Five Screen Doors

East Tennessee Phone No. 439.

## Fresh Lot of Garden

AND

## Flower Seeds.

**SHEA & CO.**

Both 'Phones 423.

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Hauling and Transfer Business  
Promptly Attended To.

Moving of Household Goods a  
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**VICTOR BOGAERT,**

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No. 135 W. Main Street,

**Lexington, Kentucky.**

Importing House—Brussels, Belgium.

## Professional :: Cards.

W. K. KENNEY. W. K. DUDLEY.

**Drs. Kenney & Dudley,**

Office Opp. Fordham Hotel.

OFFICE HOURS 8 to 9:30 a. m.  
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**DR. A. H. KELLER,**

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN.

Offices in Agricultural Building

Paris, Kentucky.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Room 1 Elks Building.

**C. J. BARNES,**

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Room 8, Elks Building.

Home Phone 72.

**DR. J. T. BROWN,**

Office over Oberdorfer's Drug Store.

Home Phone 258. E. Tenn

### The Reader Who Skips.

A good work of fiction, whether in prose or in verse—we are here speaking only of good works—is a work of art and can be rightly enjoyed only by entering into sympathy with the artist's mind and accepting his work according to his intention. In a perfect poem the place of every word, in a perfect novel the place of every word, of every episode and of every paragraph, is important, and the reader who skips throws away the pleasure he has meant to derive from the harmony of composition, in which very possibly the beauty of the whole may chiefly consist, and despises the best part of the artist's labor. He might as well go to see a good play and then willfully miss every alternate scene.—Exchange.

### Plaster of Paris Bananas.

Bunches of bananas that are absolutely unfit for food hang out in front of the wholesale produce commission houses. Some of them have remained there until they have grown rusty with age.

"Couldn't get a finer looking bunch than that," said one of the dealers the other day, "even if it is plaster of paris. We used to put out the real article for a sign, but the peddlers who came down here had a way of pulling one or two out of the bunch that happened to be hanging there on the hook. The small boys, too, had a way of making a grab for a banana or two. By the time the bunch was on duty under the awning for an hour it was no longer presentable to the aesthetic sense. So we began to cultivate the make believe article, which is not quite so palatable, but just as good for advertising. And even at that some youngsters in his haste will grab plaster of paris fruit and get away with it before he realizes that he has made off with something bad for his digestion."—New York Herald.

### Not What They Expected.

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa. Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say? Bride (reading)—Do not come home. All will be forgiven.

### Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio For Sale by Oberdorfer.

### Good News to Women.

Father William's Indian Tea, Nature's Remedy, is becoming the most popular Female Remedy in use.

Pale, Weak, Nervous, Delicate Women suffering from those weaknesses and diseases, peculiar to their sex, will find in Father William's Indian Tea a wonderful Tonic and Regulator. It quiets the Nerves, puts on flesh, gives strength and elasticity to the step, brightens the eyes, clears the complexion and makes you well and strong again. Tea or Tablets, 20 cents. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

## PURITY

is the

best

FLOUR

for your dough.

Sold by all Grocers.

**Paris Milling Co.**

### NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. W. Hughes, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same properly proven, as required by law, to the undersigned, administrator.

(Those knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please settle such indebtedness.)

P. I. MCCARTHY,

Administrator,

Paris, Kentucky.

## GRASMERE,

The famous Stock Farm of the late William Warfield,

One Mile From Lexington, Ky.,

will be offered at

Public Sale on

Thursday, May 16,

at 10 o'clock,

This is one of the most beautiful farms in the Blue Grass region it is superbly located and has been for 80 years the home of the Celebrated Grasmere herd of Shorthorn. It contains 220 acres; 100 acres in natural pasture wooded with hardwood timber, remainder in high cultivation, is divided into paddocks with good fencing and abundant water.

Also herd of registered Berkshire swine, horses and other farm stock.

For information address

CHAS. H. JOHNSON,

R. F. D. 4, Lexington, Ky., or

Dr. E. D. Warfield, Easton, Pa.

12-19-26-3

## Cures Blood, Skin Diseases, Cancer—Greatest Blood Purifier

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, risings, and bumps, scabby pimply skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop and the blood is made pure and rich. Druggists or by express \$1 per large bottle. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases, as it cures after all else fails.

26feb-08

## Sale of Town Lots.

I will sell twelve desirable building lots on Scott avenue running on to Maysville street, at public auction on Tuesday, April 30, at 10:30 o'clock.

MRS. W. W. MASSIE.

For further information see R. J. Neely.

## Miss Namesake

By Nan Todd.

Copyright, 1907, by Nan Todd.

"Abigail," said Miss Abigail Kimball, addressing her little niece, "I trust that while I am in the city today you will not forget in everything you are my namesake."

"No-m," replied the child, whispering a goodby, for she had never kissed her Aunt Abigail, not even a good night kiss.

Little Abigail, left alone for the first time all day in the care of the servants, took her doll, Polly Jane, and sat down in the library to think. By and by Mary, the maid, came into the room, with an apronful of pine cones for the merry fire that danced and crackled in the wide open fireplace. The servant's good natured face wreathed itself in smiles, for there sat Abigail stiffly erect in a high arm chair, making a very droll picture indeed.

"Mary," whispered Abigail, "today I've an awful respectability. I'm a namesake—the Aunt Abigail kind, you know; not just pretend, either."

"Land sakes! You don't say so! A Miss Namesake!" exclaimed the maid, dramatically dropping her pine cones in surprise. Abigail smiled. Somehow Mary always understood.

"Yes," continued the little girl, "I'm one. I'd like to have a missionary meeting tea party, really truly. Aunt Abigail was going to have one this very afternoon if Mr. Lawyer hadn't made her go to the city. I'd like real little girls at mine too."

"But, Miss Namesake, even if you was to have a really one, the children near here be all poor."

"Why, Mary, didn't you know missionary meeting tea parties are always for poor people? I don't think I'd feel so alone if I could only have 'em once in awhile, my kind!" murmured Abigail, a pathetic little catch in her sweet voice. Then tender hearted Mary was suddenly called to the kitchen.

"Oh, well, I'll just play missionary after lunch," whispered the wee girl. She looked wistfully out the window. It was snowing. The nodding plumes of the great fir trees were heavy with glistening snowdrops.

"Dear me, I'd rather be a tree than a namesake," she sighed.

Abigail was an old, sensitive girl of five years. Her father and mother both dead, she had lived ever since her third birthday with her aunt, Miss Kimball. As Miss Namesake was odd, she was often very lonely. She called herself "little All Aloney."

Mary was the only one who seemed to understand her whimsical, imaginative ways, while her Aunt Abigail did not at all. Maybe her aunt did not understand because she had always lived such a sheltered life behind these great fir trees. Then, too, it was a long time since a wee girl had played in the great silent house. And the lonely woman—for her Aunt Abigail was lonely, too—seemed to have forgotten her own childhood days, so barren of childish things. She had known few children. Taught by a governess, brought up according to rule, she knew of only this one way for her niece, Poor little Namesake!

"Oh, I feel so grown up," sighed Abigail. She was taking her Aunt Abigail's place for the day, so she understood. Though the importance of her "respectability" had a peculiar charm, she was still little All Aloney. There were shadows across her just pretend land, and naughty elves called tears tangled themselves in Polly Jane's curls. It was Lonesome Land everywhere today, even if she were a namesake.

Then luncheon time came. "Mary," remonstrated Miss Namesake, imitating her aunt's manner and tone of voice, "I do not wish any more jam. I'm a namesake, you know."

The little girl had suddenly remembered she had never seen her aunt take more than one spoonful of jam. Good natured Mary had taken advantage of her mistress' absence and was incidentally heaping Abigail's plate with delicious jam.

"Very well, ma'am," sighed Mary, smiling, though her kind heart ached to comfort little All Aloney in her brave attempts to be a good namesake. "Polly Jane," whispered Abigail when she once more sat in the library. "I can't kiss you today, 'cause I'm a namesake, the Aunt Abigail kind, you know. So sit just quietly and think, for I wish to read."

She smiled with a little grownup air at her doll. Then Miss Namesake took a heavy book from the table and began to read—that is, just pretend read, for the book was upside down. There were lonely tears in a little girl's eyes. Besides, she wasn't very comfortable, for the tips of her small boots did not touch the floor, and of course she wouldn't rest her feet on the rounds of Aunt Abigail's mahogany chairs.

From her high seat she could see the dark green fir trees boldly silhouetted against a gray sky. The wind was singing through their fragrant depths. On the wide window ledge four little birds were eating crumbs she had so generously given them earlier in the day. "I guess they're having a missionary meeting tea party."

"What?" sighed the fir trees. Abigail listened. She had nearly forgotten something, and now she had thought of a plan.

"If Aunt Abigail couldn't have her missionary meeting tea party, I'll just have one, the really truly kind, in her place, 'cause I'm her namesake. But who'll I have to it?"

"Who?" whispered the fir trees.

"Oh, goodby, I know—the happy children next to my house," Miss Kim-

ball heard a mile beyond the small suburban village. "Oh, they'd be glad to come. I'll just run and tell 'em and get back real soon."

Abigail ran swiftly down the walk, her aunt's white shawl wrapped closely about her little shoulders. She had forgotten she was a namesake. This was really truly fun. The boldest north wind was tossing her curls. She smiled gratefully at the nodding fir trees, who always told her such pretty stories.

Well, the poor children were delighted with an invitation to a missionary meeting tea party at the "big-house," as they admiringly called Miss Kimball's home. Their names were Macks, and there were four in all. Just what the party was to be like they didn't know. But their hostess was so confident and happy that the uncertainty was more alluring, while Miss Namesake, who had attended only one missionary meeting tea party, and that the Aunt Abigail kind, was tremendously happy.

Mary never suspected a thing of it. Imagine her surprise, then, when she walked into the library later in the afternoon to see if Miss Abigail was still namesaking and found three ragged little girls, one small boy and Miss Namesake gathered cozily around the great open fireplace.

"Bless my eyes!" exclaimed Mary, pausing in the open doorway.

"Oh, come in, Mary," graciously called Abigail, her blue eyes dancing with merriment at the expression on the servant's face. "I'm having a missionary meeting tea party in Aunt Abigail's place. My missionaries are the Misses Brewsters, Miss Ruggles and—Mr. Randolph Prince. Just play, you know, Mary." The little hostess had named each of her odd guests after friends of her aunt.

The children grinned. The dancing flames intensified the happiness on the just pretend missionaries' faces, while Abigail smiled through tears of true delight.

"Tea served in the dining room, ma'am," finally questioned Mary, assuming an air of hauteur that would have pleased a princess.

"You may serve it in here, please," replied Miss Namesake, smiling approval at the maid's grandeur. She was indeed Mary's princess. The servant left the room.

"I'd like to be a real missionary, wouldn't you, Miss Ruggles?" asked Abigail of the oldest Mack girl, who was caressing Polly Jane's curls.

"My, yes, if they're like you!"

"So would I."

"And so would I."

"Me, too," piped in Billy Mack, alias Mr. Prince.

After a most delicious lunch, which Mary served with Aunt Abigail's "best-est things," the children suddenly forgot they were "just pretends" and became little people. They romped and played. Poor Mary had to cry when she heard the echo of their happy voices in the lonely house. Then it grew dark, and the children went home.

"It was the beautifullest time I ever had!" exclaimed Miss Namesake when later Mary tucked the tired but strangely happy little girl in her great feather bed. If they both thought of what Aunt Abigail might say, they ignored the fact and enjoyed to their hearts' content the rehearsal of the afternoon's odd pleasure. "I'd never be little All Aloney, Mary, if I could have my kind of missionary meeting tea parties."

It was long, long after 10 before Aunt Abigail reached home. Mary said not a word concerning the afternoon's festivities. She knew the honor of a certain little girl's heart.

"Aunt Abigail!" called Miss Namesake in a very sweet bedtime voice.

"Yes," answered Miss Kimball, pausing at the threshold of her niece's room.

"I didn't 'member all the day long I was your namesake and had an awful respectability."

"Why, Abigail Kimball, what have you been doing?"

"I had a missionary meeting tea party," replied the little girl, sitting upright in bed. "I had one my kind. I had the little Macks to it."

"The Macks?" exclaimed Miss Kimball, very much horrified.

"They're poor, Aunt Abigail, and missionary meeting tea parties are for poor people. I'm awful sorry I played after meeting, though it was a lot of fun."

The child's voice sank to a lonely little whisper.

Miss Kimball, drawn by some strange feeling, walked to her little niece's bedside. She bent over her and asked her in a low, faltering voice: "Abigail, why did you do it?"

Miss Namesake paused. Her eyes opened wider and wider, and in their starry depths were all the stories of little All Aloney in Lonesome Land. "Cause I was just lonely. I just had to be a missionary."

"I am sorry, dear."

"Oh, Aunt Abigail, let's both be missionaries."

"We will, and will have your kind of parties," replied Aunt Abigail, and she gave the wee girl a long drawn out bedtime kiss.

Flying as Well as Fleeing?

The old policeman was telling of his early experience on the force. When he first got a beat it seemed that he had been called upon for assistance by a brother officer who was pursuing an escaping lawbreaker and had in an effort to halt him fired several shots in the air.

"I also fired at the man," said the old policeman, "but as he got away I made no report of the affair. Next day the lieutenant asked why I had not mentioned the affair, and I replied that I had only fired into the air and thought nothing more of it. 'Fired in the air?' commented the lieutenant. 'That's what the other man says. Did you both think the man was flying? Since then I have always made reports of what happened on my beat.'"—Philadelphia Record.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce J. Hal Woodford as a candidate for reelection to the Lower House of the General Assembly, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Pearce Paton as a candidate for County Clerk of Bourbon county, subject to the act on of the Democratic party.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Fine Engraving.

The News has an engraver who does the finest of work in the very latest style on short notice. A box of engraved visiting cards would make a nice Christmas present. Leave your order with us.

### William's Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire to pass urine? If so, William's Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents. Sold by Oberdorfer.

WILLIAMS M'F'G. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

### The Bluegrass Traction Company Schedule December 1906.

Cars leave Lexington for Georgetown 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. 9:30 and 11 p. m.  
Cars leave Lexington for Versailles 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. 9:30 and 11 p. m.  
Cars leave Lexington for Paris 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 9 and 11 p. m.  
Cars leave Georgetown for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 8:45 and 10:15 p. m.  
Cars leave Versailles for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 8:45 and 10:15 p. m.  
Cars leave Paris for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. and 10 p. m.

### If You Try

Father William's Indian Herb Tea, or Herb Tablets and do not find them the best medicines you ever used for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Kidneys, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Malaria, Dizziness and Bad Breath, we will refund the money.

They work day and night and you get up in the morning feeling like new person.

Try them 20 cents, Tea or Tablets.

For sale by W. T. Brooks.

### Reduced Rates.

Railroads will grant reduced rates from all points in Kentucky to Louisville April 18 to 20 on account of the Music Festival which will be given on those dates in the new armory building in that city. The festival will be the biggest musical event ever given in the South. A chorus of 300 voices has been organized for this occasion and will be assisted by many eminent soloists and by Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra with Mr. Damrosch as conductor. Madam Marcella Sembrich will be the principal soloist.

### Free Reclining Chair Cars.

The Southern Railway has inaugurated free reclining chair car service between Louisville and Evansville on their fast through trains leaving Louisville at 7:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. daily, and running solid to Evansville, without change. This line also operates free reclining chair cars on night Lexington and Danville to St. Louis, also Pullman Sleeper through from Danville to St. Louis. The Southern Railway is 23 miles the shortest from Louisville to Nashville and forty-three miles the shortest to St. Louis.

### J. H. Current & Co.

### New Fordham Bar.

### The Famous Jung and Celebrated High Life Beers.

Free Lunch every day. Hot Roast, etc. The best whiskey in the world, including Vanhook, Faymans, Bond & Lillard, Chickadee, Cock "J. B. T." and the best of Old Rye Whiskies. Open day and night. We never sleep.

### Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.

### "THE MIDLAND ROUTE."

### LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Lv Frankfort at 6:20 am and 2:00 pm

Ar Geo'town. 7:12 am and 2:47 pm

Ar at Paris at 7:50 am and 3:25 pm

Lv Paris at 8:30 am and 5:42 pm

Ar at Geo'town. 9:04 am and 6:25 pm